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THE OFFICIAL **ADAPTATION** OF THE BLOCKBUSTER FILM

# **PREDATORS**

PAUL TOBIN  
VICTOR DRUJINIU



***FEAR IS REBORN***

ROBERT RODRIGUEZ PRESENTS

# PREDATORS

AN ADAPTATION OF THE BLOCKBUSTER FILM.

## "BEATING THE BULLET"

SCRIPT

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BASED ON THE CHARACTERS CREATED BY

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BASED ON THE SCREENPLAY WRITTEN BY

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LETTERS

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**Peten Jungle.  
Guatemala.**

*I need to take  
this shot. I need  
to do this.*

*We've been tracking Alvaro Otti for  
four days and I could use a decent  
meal. Or a toilet that  
isn't a stream.*



*Alvaro is  
an ex-Kaibil  
soldier.*

*Not the nicest  
bunch even on  
a day-to-day  
basis.*

*But far worse  
when they turn  
to trafficking.*



## BEATING THE BULLET

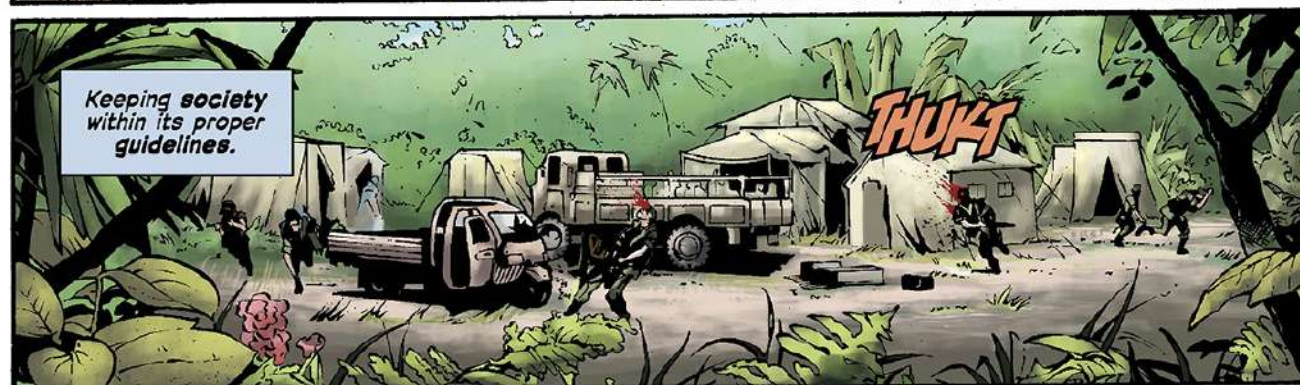
*Trafficking  
in drugs.*



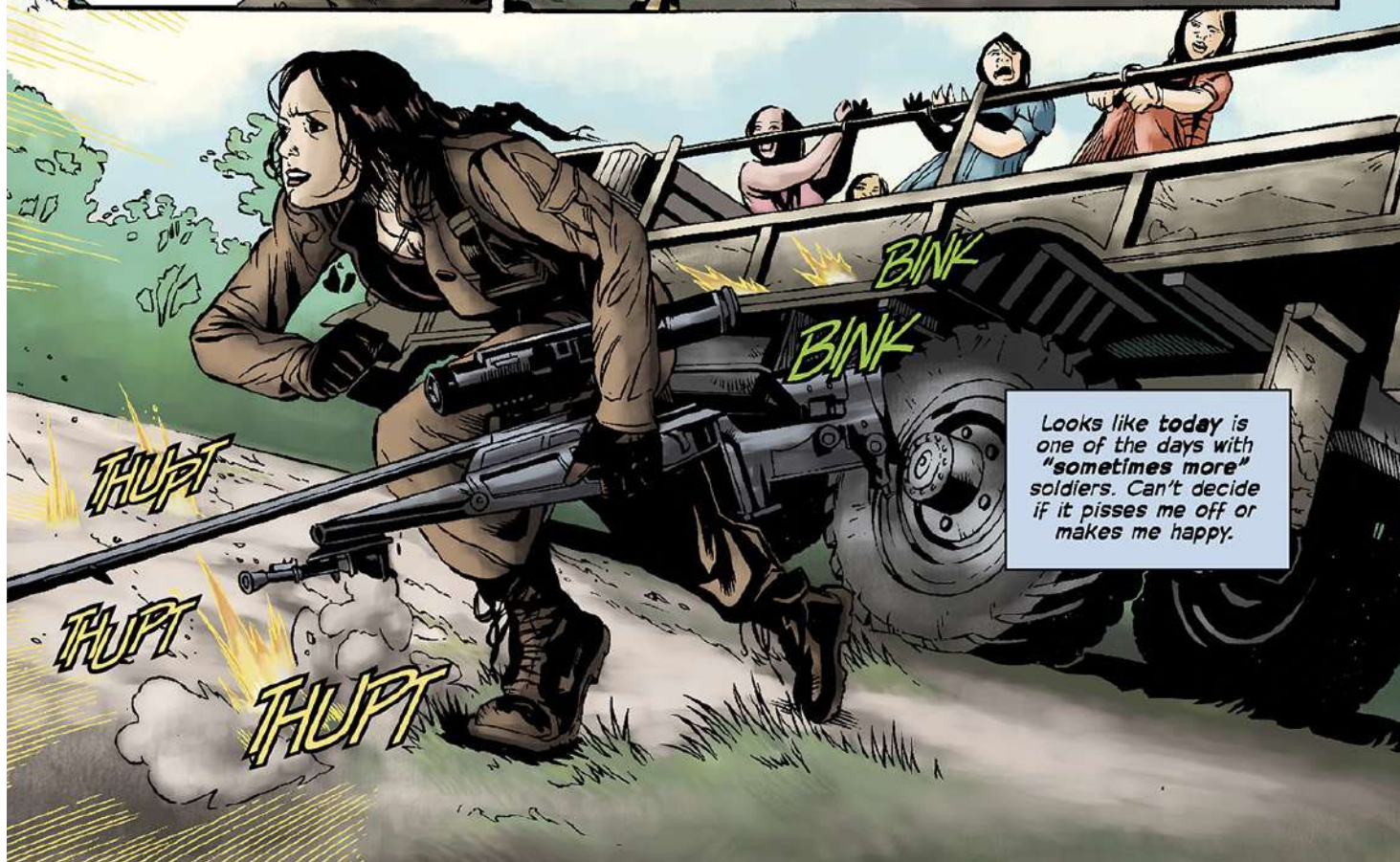
*Trafficking  
in women.*













On one hand, I'm pleased to eliminate men such as these. Men who have made the wrong decisions.



On the other hand, I took this Guatemalan mission as an excuse to come here and discover...

...something else.

**DON'T KILL ME! AAAHHH!**



Here in this jungle, some years ago, something very odd happened. I've read the debriefing, and it's... it's quite strange.



**HAH! YOU HEAR HER SCREAM? SHE IS AFRAID!**

**ALL WOMEN ARE COWARDS!**

Archuletta and I came here to learn the truth.



**HER JACKET? WHY IS--?**





BECAUSE  
NOT EVERY  
WOMAN WHO  
SCREAMS IS  
AFRAID.

CRACK CRACK

Sometimes she's  
just distracting you.



Giving you  
what you  
expect to  
see.

A woman who  
runs. A scream.  
Her clothes on  
a branch.

You focus too  
much on those  
things, and  
everything else  
becomes invisible.



I need to  
get back to  
the camp.

Bollo and Abe are  
there, and though  
they're a hundred  
times the soldiers  
that Alvaro's men  
are, they might  
be in trouble.



I can't  
let these  
men down.

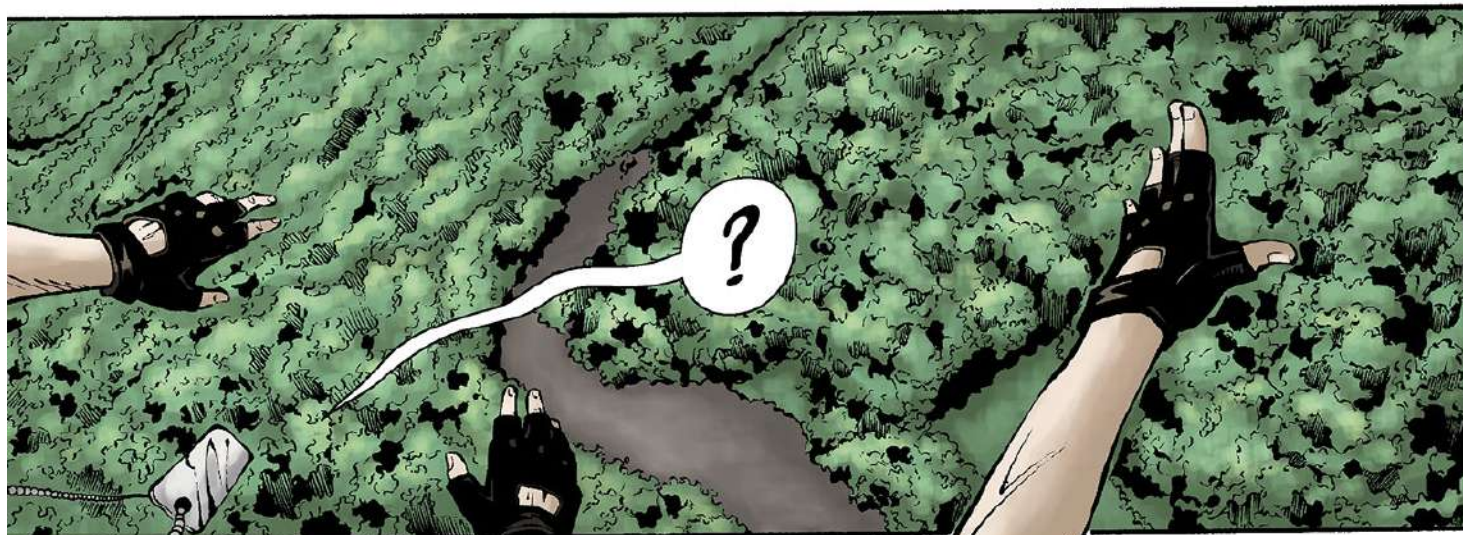
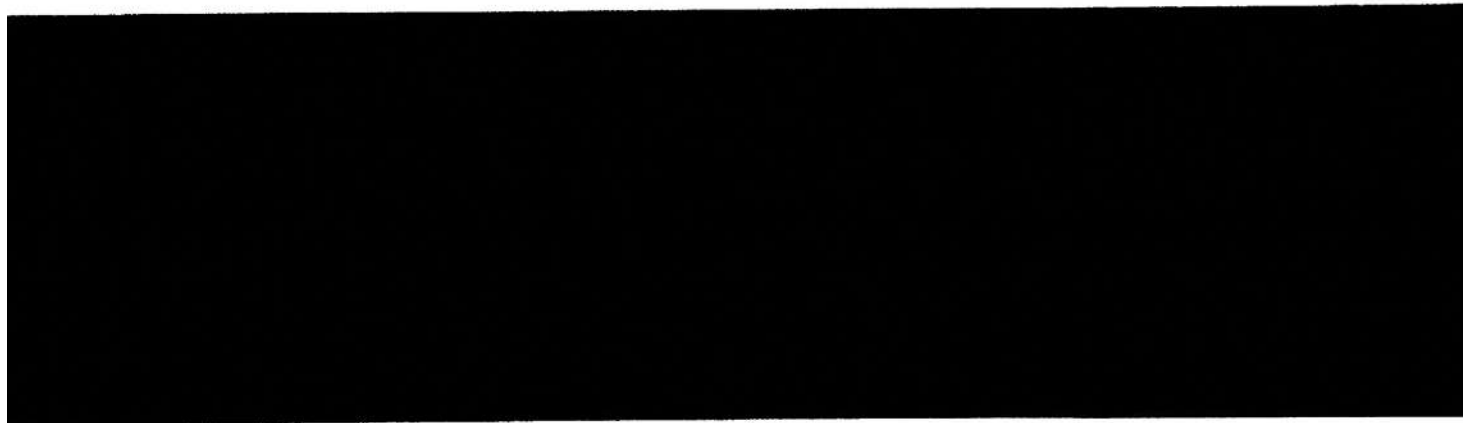
Not like...  
Archuletta.



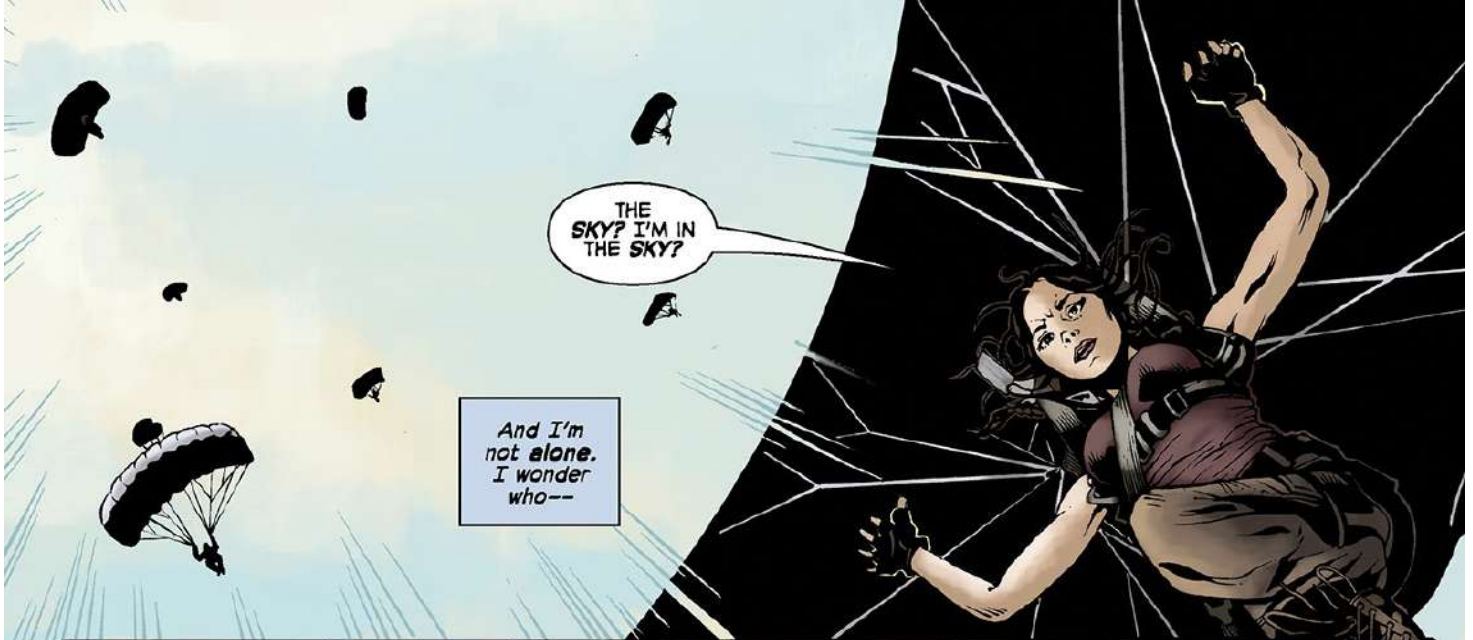












THE  
SKY? I'M IN  
THE SKY?

And I'm  
not alone.  
I wonder  
who--



First things  
first, Isabelle.



Good. Didn't  
get caught up.  
Didn't get  
impaled.

TIME TO  
HIDE THE  
CHUTE?



No. Just move away.  
I saw **seven** others  
coming down. Maybe  
**more** already on the  
ground. **Friends?**  
**Enemies?**

WHERE  
THE HELL  
AM I?



THIS ISN'T  
ANY JUNGLE  
I KNOW.

The trees. The plants.  
Even the feel of the  
jungle. I thought I'd  
been to **every** jungle  
in the world, but...  
never **this** one.





And who is that?

WHAT THE HELL?



SWOOSH

Another one!



GOD-DAMN IT!

GOD! DAMN! IT!



Interesting. They don't seem to know each other. And it looks like there's going to be a killing. My money is on the--



THWUMP







*I should kill these people. I should kill them right now. I was always taught, as a sniper, to beat the bullet.*



*There are two ways to beat the bullet. The first is to kill your targets, all your targets, before they can react.*



*And the second way is to be gone before any survivors can act in response. There are only three of them. If I take them right now--*

WHERE ARE WE?

MAYBE SHE KNOWS.

He knew I--? Damn it!



I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS JUNGLE. AND I'VE SEEN MOST.

Just have to hope I'm better off with a team. And I've got a bad history there.



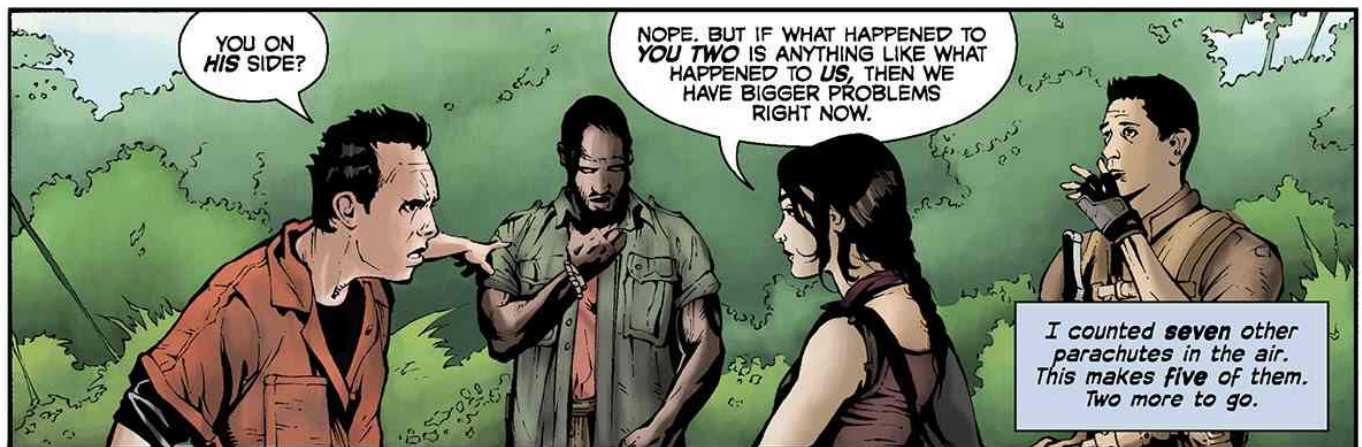
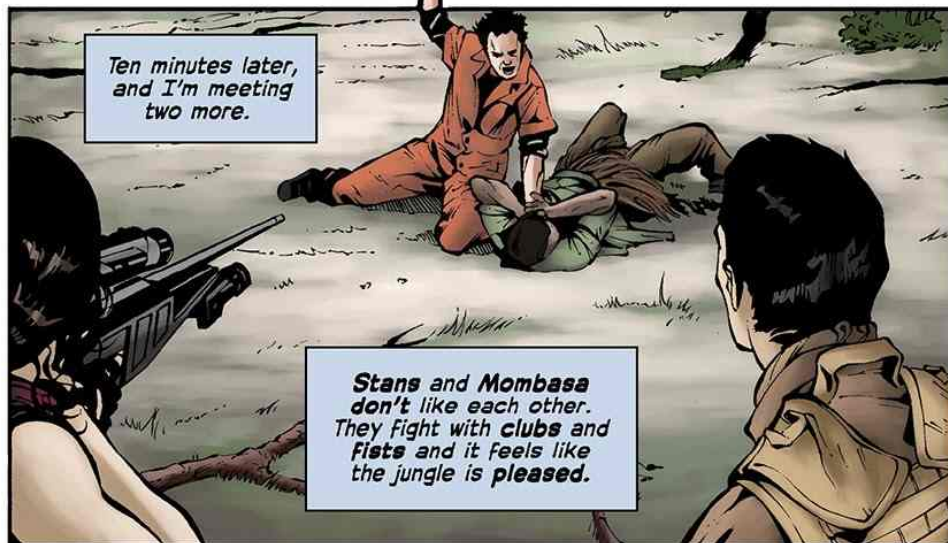
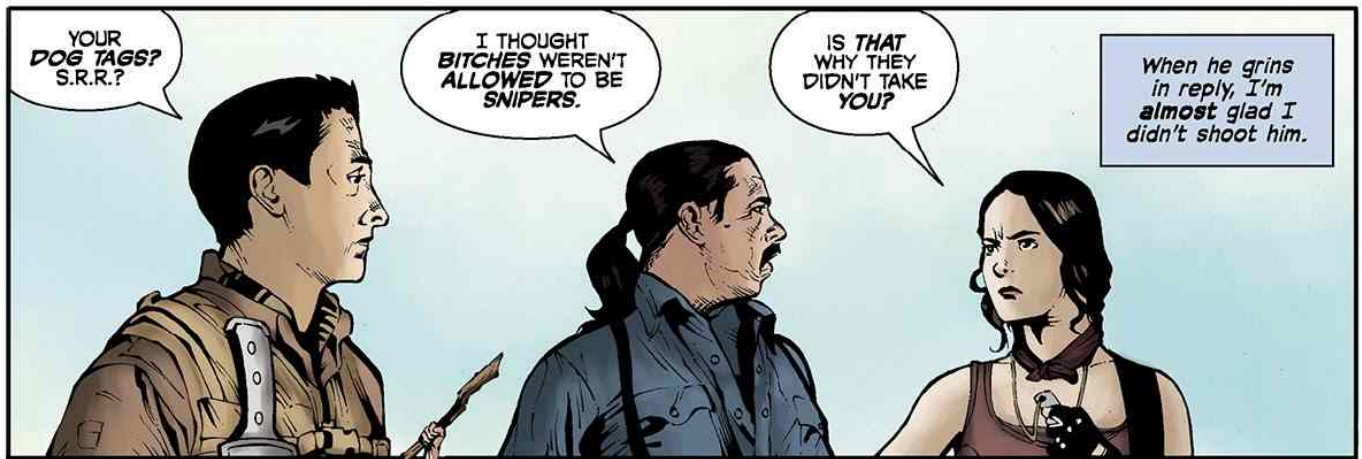
YOU REMEMBER A PLANE?

WOKE UP IN FREEFALL. YOU?

SAME.











*It's only a short hike until we find Parachute Passenger Number Seven, standing right next to--*

*--What in the hell?*



*WHO THE HELL IS THIS GUY?*

*GOD... WHAT IS THIS PLACE?*



*WHO WOULD DO THIS?*

*WHOEVER THEY ARE... THEY TAKE TROPHIES.*



*Trophies. I'm starting to suspect that's why we're here. We're meant to be hunted. These men, their familiarity with weapons, their attitudes... These men are killers. Like me.*

*And someone took us--easily. Not a pretty thought.*



*And me as the only woman. If we somehow get stranded in this place, I get automatically elected as Eve.*





Not at all good.

WHAT IF WE ARE DEAD?



THIS IS HELL.

LAST I CHECKED, YOU DON'T NEED A PARACHUTE TO GET THERE.



And they don't let you keep your guns, either.



The boys all put their balls back in the right place, and we move on.



Whoever wants to hunt us...they should have remembered, if you hunt killers, they'll come after you.

And Hanzo, our Killer number seven, finds us some fresh tracks. Maybe they'll lead us to something I can goddamn shoot.





At least it gives us a starting point.

Silly, though.

Nowhere to go, but we're all so eager to get there.

Anything to get out of the doghouse and into the hunt.



TWUNNG



TRAP!

Everyone scrambles.



And everyone triggers more traps.

UMPF!



It's like the whole damn forest is attacking us. Swinging logs. Spiked balls. Makeshift spears.

THUNK  
THUNK  
THUNK





And the jungle drops out from under me.



Then, just like that, the jungle quiets down. It's had its say, for now. I've spent enough time in the jungle to know it's a bitch, though, and it won't stay silent for long. At least we find the man who set the traps.



DEAD TWO WEEKS, JUDGING BY THE RATE OF DECOMPOSITION.

HE TOOK UP POSITION HERE. SHOOTING IN ALL DIRECTIONS. THIS WAS HIS LAST STAND.

THESE TRAPS WEREN'T MEANT FOR US. HE WAS HUNTING SOMETHING ELSE. SOMETHING A LOT BIGGER.



WHAT KIND OF WEAPON DOES THIS?

I tell them we should bury the dead. They don't even answer.



I'm a little relieved. He wasn't one of us, and I don't want to become one of him.

Still...I'm glad I said something. Just the act of saying the dead should be buried is like a little prayer.

That prayer lasts me until we reach high ground, where I see that my prayers won't be answered.

WE'RE GONNA NEED A NEW PLAN.

SOMETHING'S COMING.

This alien jungle is breathing lower, watching us, and something big is coming through the trees.

Pounding footsteps. Snapping branches. Deep, heavy panting. We all hear the noise. It's coming fast and hungry.

WEAPONS! NOW!

None of us can breathe.

Whatever's coming, it sounds huge and fast and I want it dead. I want it dead so bad. We are eight heavily armed killers on an alien planet and we want to kill something.

Show yourself, dead thing.





RAAH  
RAAH  
RAAH

BRAKKA  
BRAKKA  
BRAKKA

DIE,  
BASTARD!  
DIE!



IT'S NOT  
GOING  
DOWN!

KEEP FIRING!  
EVERYTHING  
GOES DOWN!  
EVERYTHING  
DIES!

BRAK BRAKKA BRAK



RUN!

BRAK

BRAK

BRAK

BRAK

BRAK

It's true.

But there are more of them,  
coming from everywhere.  
We die next.

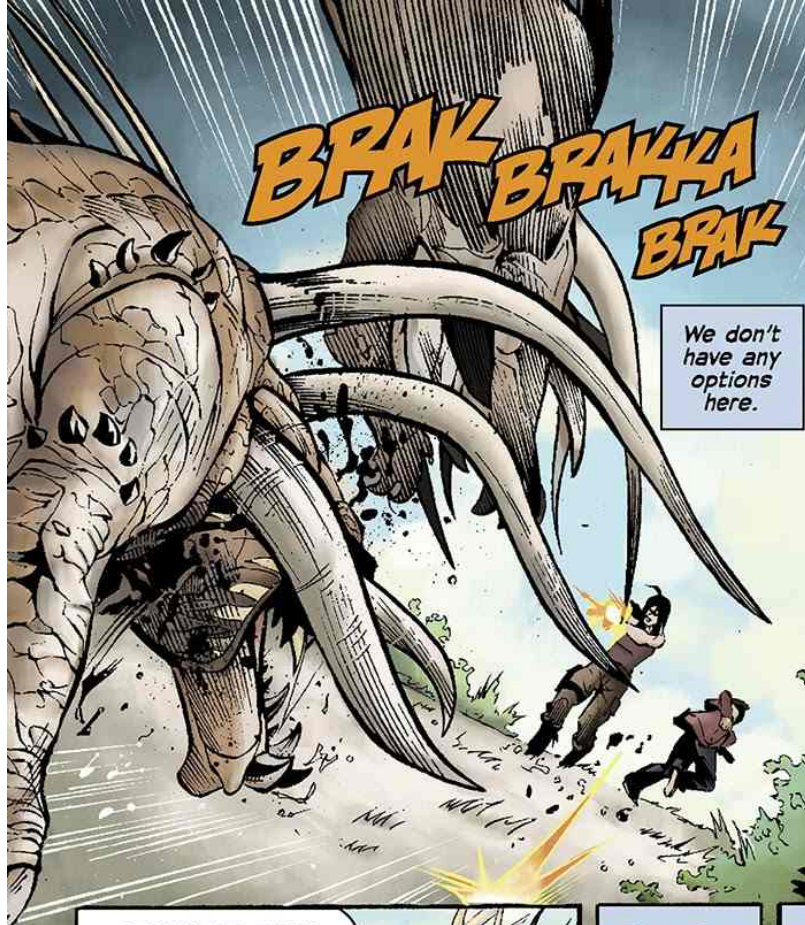


Running isn't the right  
thing to do. But there is  
no right thing to do.

BRAK

BRAK





We don't have any options here.



Can't kill it!

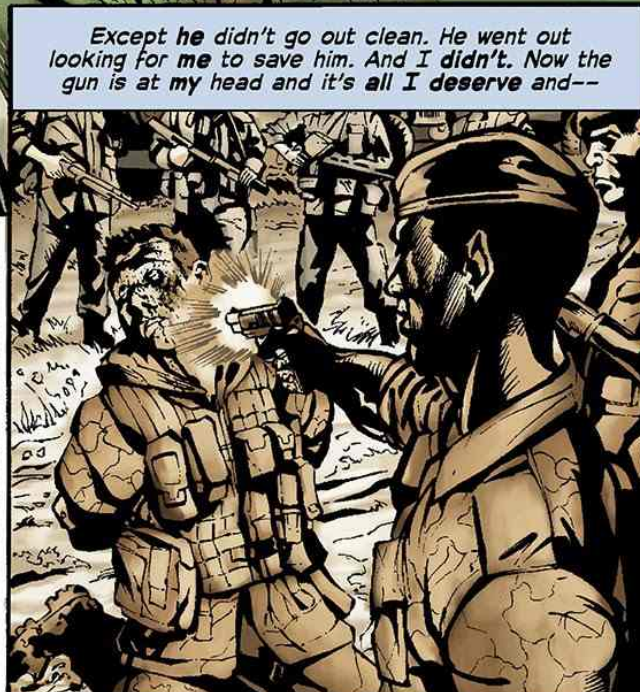
One bullet--



SCREW YOU, FIDO!  
I WON'T GIVE YOU THE  
SATISFACTION!



This is how Archuleta died. A gun to his head.



Except he didn't go out clean. He went out looking for me to save him. And I didn't. Now the gun is at my head and it's all I deserve and--



FWEEEE  
A WHISTLE?



And just like that... the dogs leave me and my one bullet.





THEY JUST... LEFT?

NO. THE WHISTLE. THEY WERE CALLED.

WHAT? CALLED? WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE TELL ME WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?



WE'RE BEING HUNTED. WE WERE ALL BROUGHT HERE FOR THE SAME PURPOSE.

THIS PLANET IS A GAME PRESERVE. AND WE'RE THE GAME.



THE DOGS WERE FLUSHING US OUT. THEY SPLIT US APART WHILE THEIR MASTER WATCHED. LEARNING OUR MOVES.

It's something I already felt, but to hear him say it...? That's different.

For the first time, the jungle feels cold and... wait. Where's---



THERE ARE ONLY SEVEN OF US.

Mombasa barely says this before we're in motion, searching.



And we find the Mexican in a clearing and it's a trap and I know it and I still can't help myself. I start to go for him.

IT'S A TRAP.

HELP ME.









He was dead. I killed him, but something used his voice. I think I know what that means. I get a half hour of hoping I'm wrong as we move through the jungle.



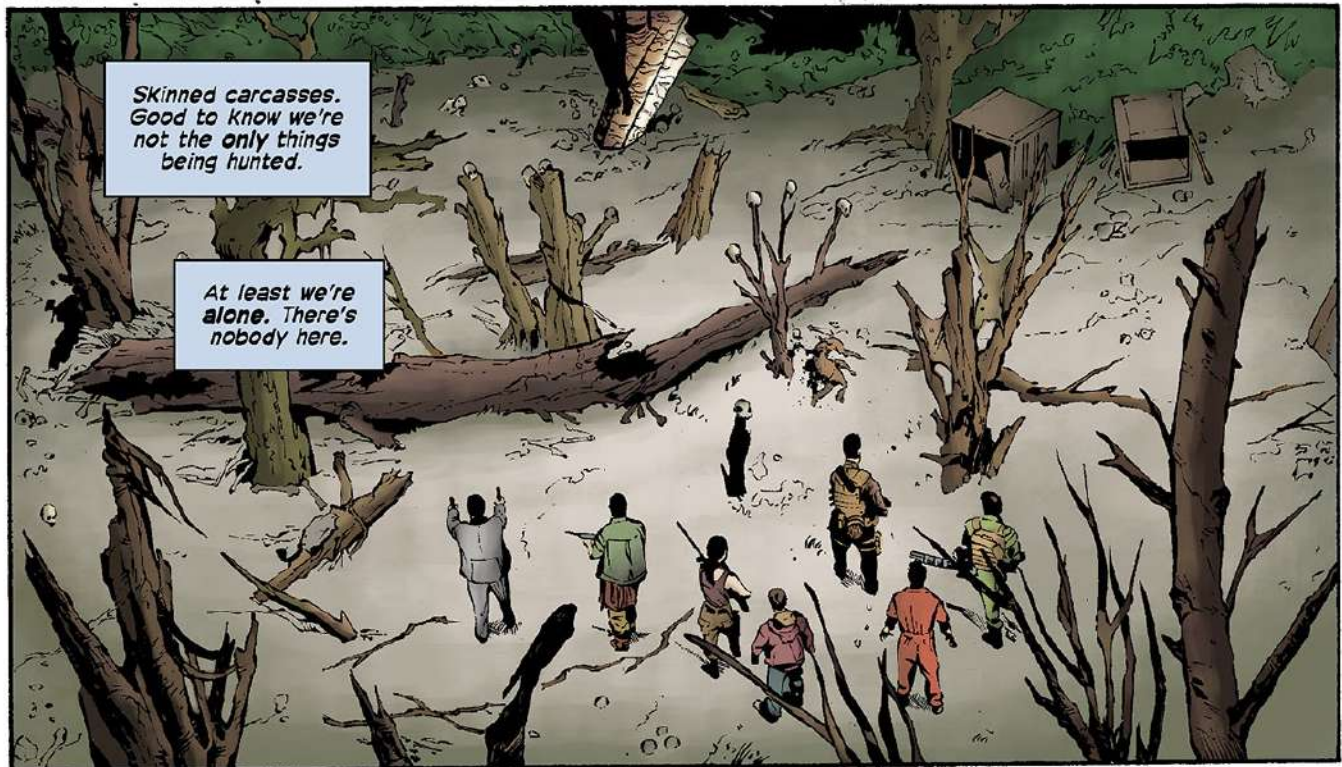
A CAMP?

YES. THE HUNTERS' BASE. THERE IS DANGER HERE.

I don't care. I just want to be anyplace where I'm not hearing a dead man's voice.



Oh...CRAP  
CRAP I'M SO  
GLAD I CAME  
HERE.



Skinned carcasses.  
Good to know we're  
not the only things  
being hunted.

At least we're  
alone. There's  
nobody here.







WHAT  
THE HELL  
IS THAT  
THING?

I think...I think I could  
answer him. The report I  
read. Guatemala. The  
Special Forces team.

IS...  
IT...?



RAAH!

I know what's  
happening to us,  
and it is very  
bad news.

WE  
NEED TO  
LEAVE.

WHERE'S  
MR. TOUGH  
GUY?

...He  
was just...  
here?









Then he comes  
charging out of  
the woods. I  
thought they'd  
gotten him. But  
he was...hiding?



Firing into  
the ground?  
But...?



Yes! Dust!  
There!  
Something  
we can--



KILL  
IT!

CHUTTIA  
CHUTTIA  
CHUTTIA  
CHUTTIA  
CHUTTIA



Damn it!

The sand  
is settling!  
Already  
hard to see  
the damn  
thing!



*Damn it! It's one creature! One damn creature! And it's facing us all down!*

**SHOOT FOR THE MUZZLE FLASHES!**

*Bullets bounce. Armor.*

**TNK  
TNK**

**YOU CAN'T BE INVISIBLE AND BULLETPROOF!**

**YOU CHEATING BASTARD!**

**COVER! TAKE COVER!**

*I hardly have to tell it to the doctor.*

*Why's he even here anyway? Why was he chosen for this hunt?*



Why not another man  
like him? Another killer?

**F-THOOM**



YES! GOOD,  
MY FRIEND!  
WE HAVE THIS  
BASTARD  
BLEEDING!

AND  
NOW...



LET NIKOLAI  
SHOW YOU HOW  
TO MAKE THE  
SKIES TURN  
RED!

**CHUTTA  
CHUTTA CHUTTA**



UNHHH!

**SPRAKT**

**ZOOOM**







We're covering our panic with weapons fire. We have to keep pressuring our hunters. Make them know we can still bite. We can all keep our heads in the game.

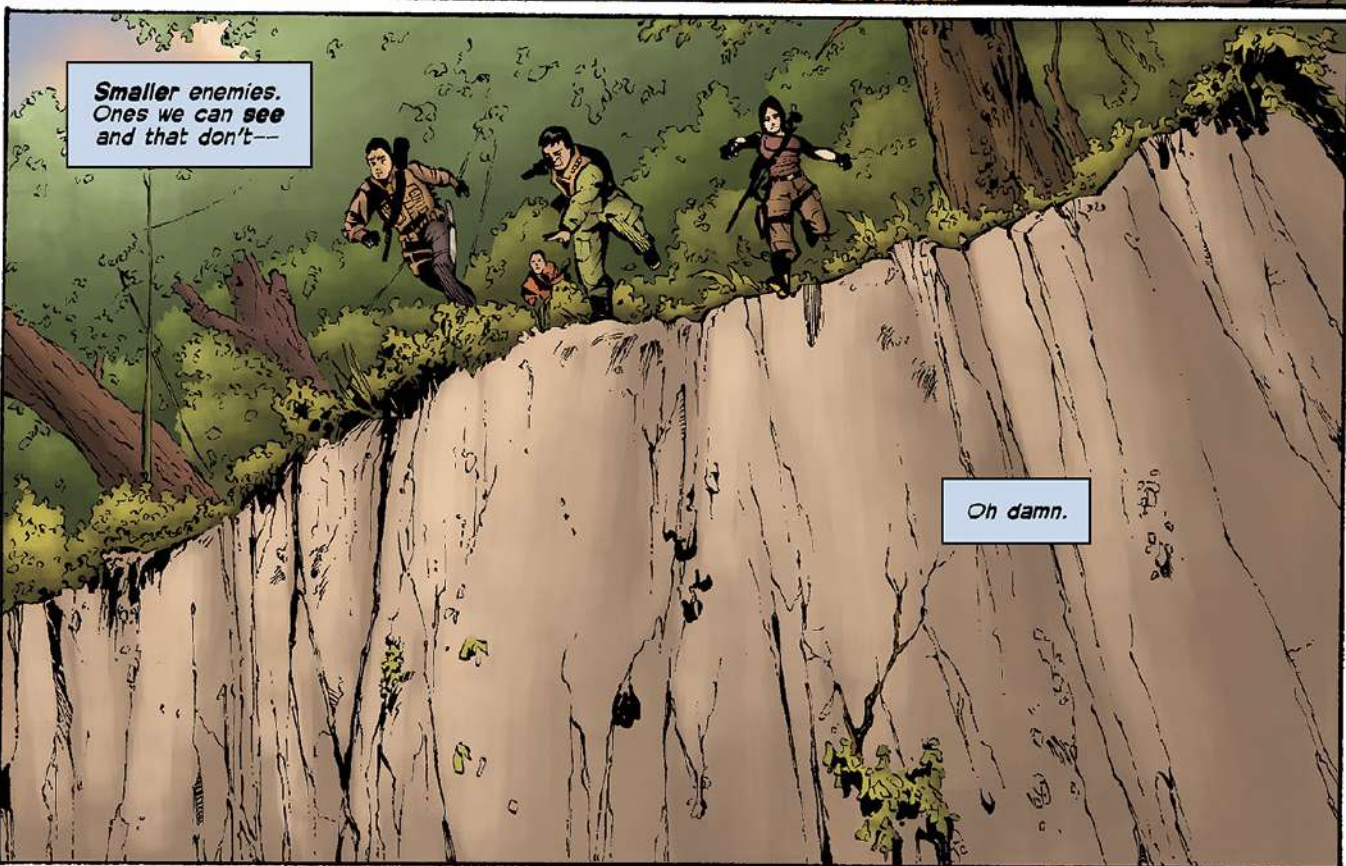


All except Edwin. He clings to me like a baby. Cries like one, too.

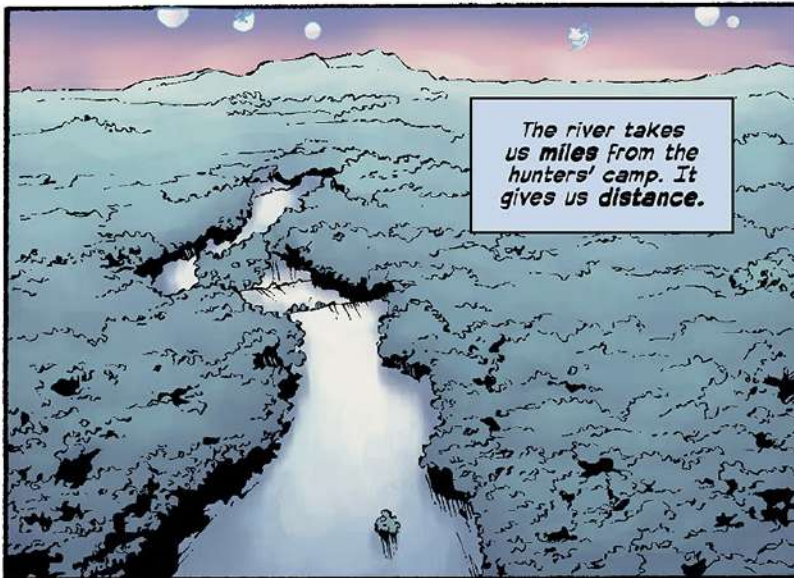
PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE!











The river takes us miles from the hunters' camp. It gives us distance.



And it gives me time to think about one part of what happened at the camp.

SKAFFE  
SKAFFE



YOU SET US UP!

WHAT IS THIS?

*SMAKT*



HE LED US INTO THAT DEATH CAMP! THEN HID AND WAITED FOR THAT THING TO STRIKE!

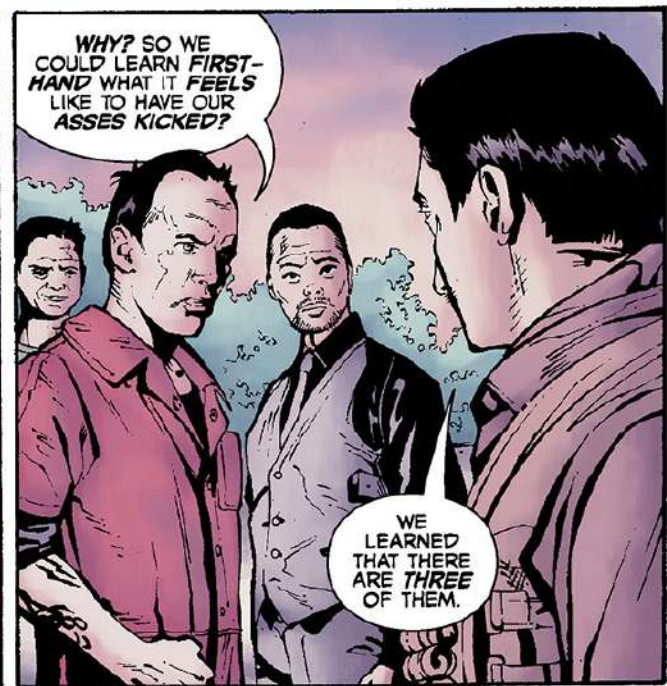
WE WERE BAIT!

CORRECT.



DID YOU JUST SAY "CORRECT"?

I NEEDED TO KNOW WHAT WE WERE UP AGAINST. NOW I DO.



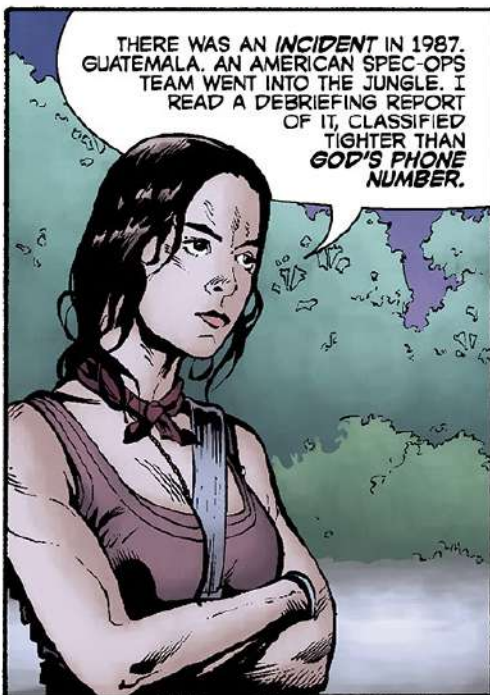
WHY? SO WE COULD LEARN FIRST-HAND WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO HAVE OUR ASSES KICKED?

WE LEARNED THAT THERE ARE THREE OF THEM.

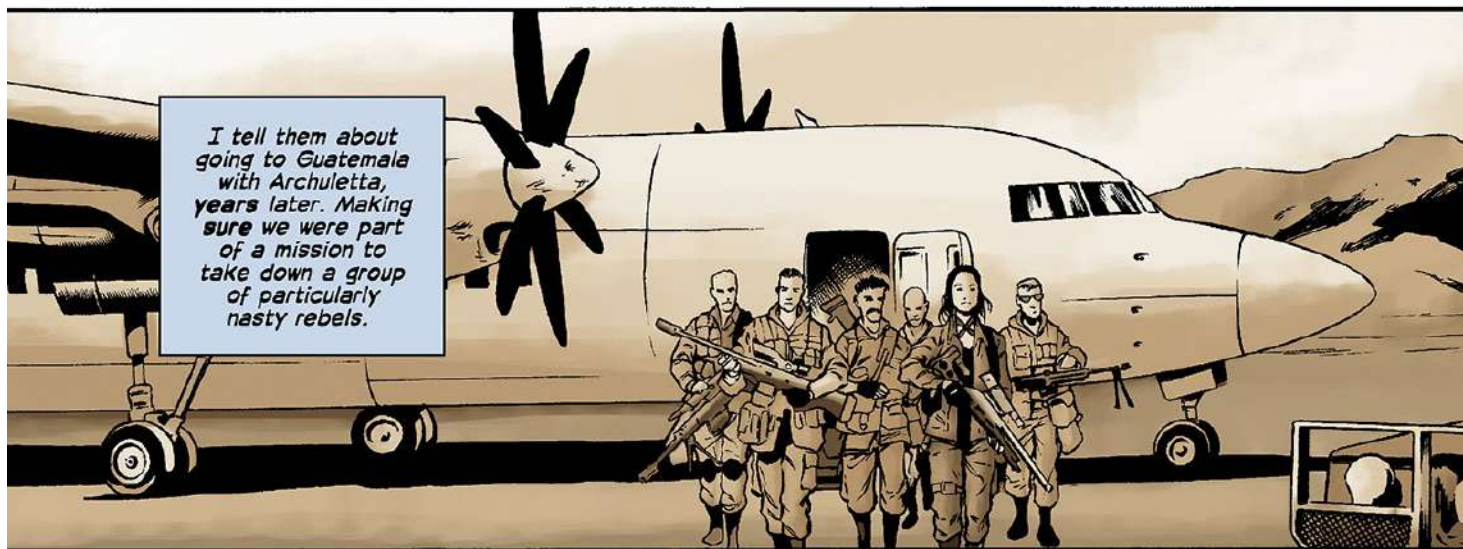








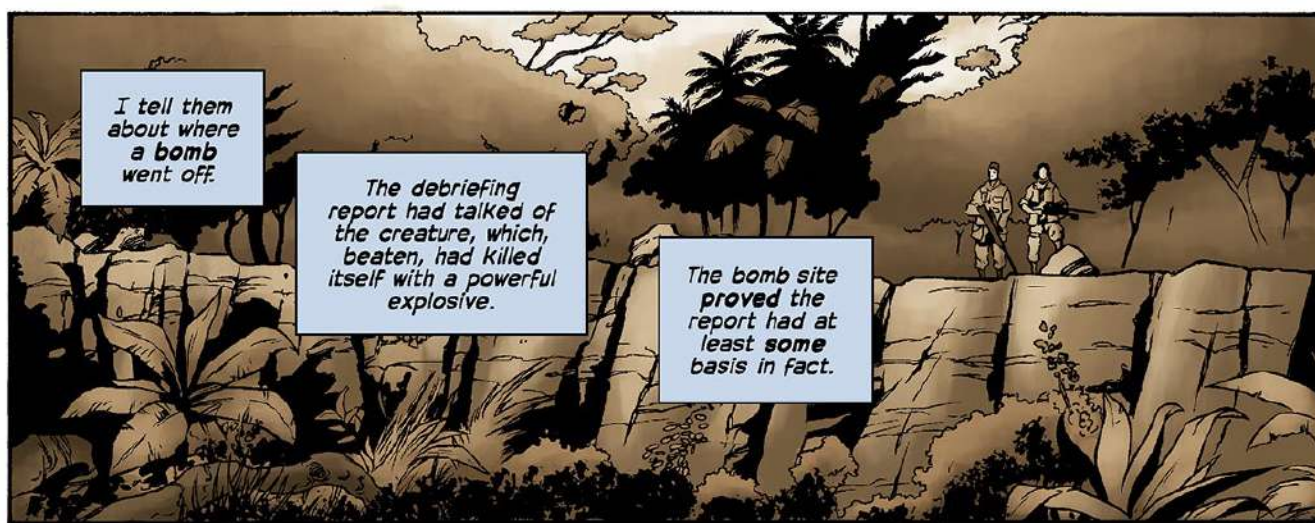




I tell them about going to Guatemala with Archuleta, years later. Making sure we were part of a mission to take down a group of particularly nasty rebels.



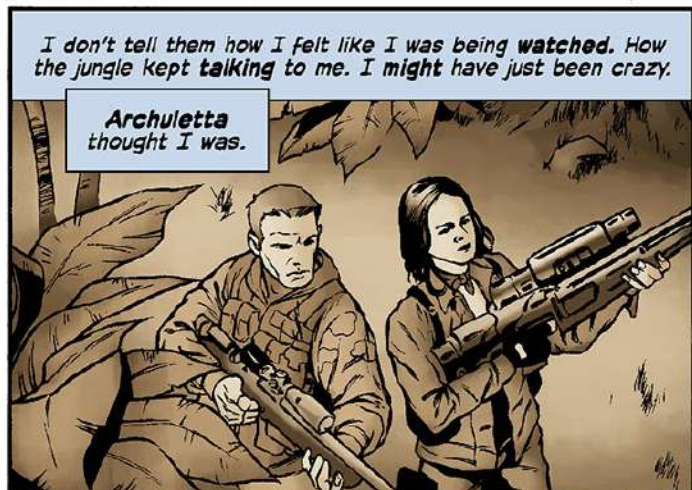
I tell them about **expanding** my mission. Searching for any clues of what had really happened. The debriefing report was hard to swallow. I thought possibly the jungle might tell me a different story.



I tell them about where a bomb went off.

The debriefing report had talked of the creature, which, beaten, had killed itself with a powerful explosive.

The bomb site proved the report had at least some basis in fact.



I don't tell them how I felt like I was being **watched**. How the jungle kept talking to me. I might have just been crazy.

Archuleta thought I was.



All up until the time when the rebels caught him.



*It was my fault.  
Going off the  
mission...sending  
him out to look for  
invisible things.*

*He was the  
best spotter  
I've ever  
known.*

*I was looking for  
aliens, and forgot  
to keep track of  
the other horrors.*

*I watched  
from my scope  
and could  
have killed at  
least one or  
two of them.*

*Maybe Five  
or six.*

*But there  
were at  
least twenty  
of them,  
and if I'd  
pulled the  
trigger,  
even once,  
there was  
no way  
I could  
have made  
it out alive...*

*I told  
myself that  
he would  
have wanted  
it that way.*

*I didn't pull  
the trigger.*





But I don't tell them. I just tell them enough about everything else.

Enough that we're still a team. Or at least not enemies.



I laughed at these men when they were scared we were in hell, but I have just such ridiculous thoughts.



I think being on this world is my karmic debt.



I am here on this world for my sins.

Archuletta died because I was too busy looking for aliens.



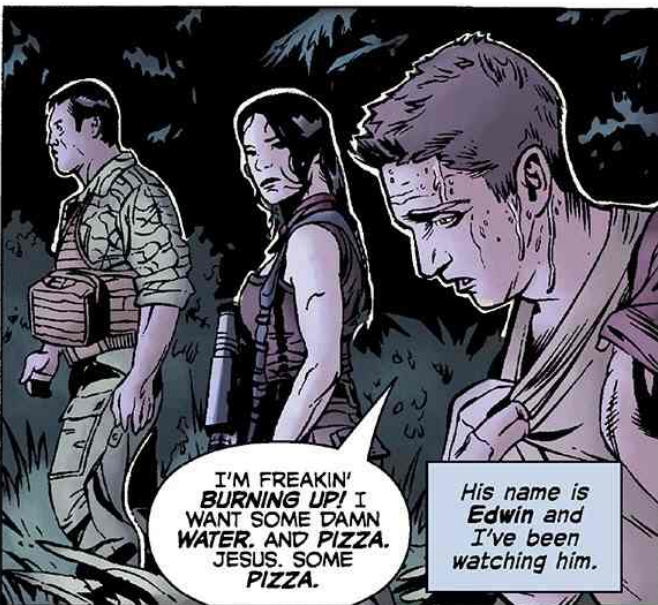
And now the aliens are looking for me.



The dark doesn't bring us any relief from the heat.



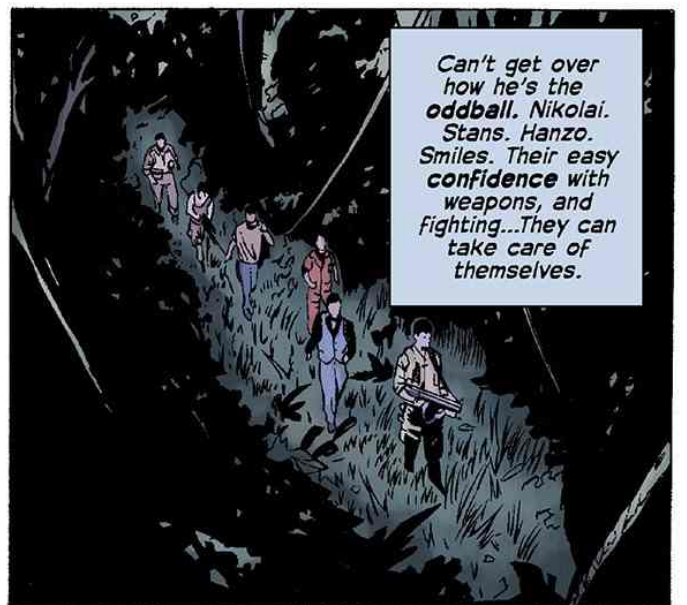
Even at night, the jungle is sticky and hot.



I'M FREAKIN' BURNING UP! I WANT SOME DAMN WATER. AND PIZZA. JESUS. SOME PIZZA.

His name is Edwin and I've been watching him.

Can't get over how he's the oddball. Nikolai. Stans. Hanzo. Smiles. Their easy confidence with weapons, and fighting...They can take care of themselves.



But Edwin...I halfway expect him to call me Mom. Why did our hunters choose him? Because he's a doctor? Doesn't make sense. We're all trained to deal with wounds in the field.



WE NEED TO MAKE CAMP. SET UP A PERIMETER. TAKE STOCK OF WHAT WE HAVE. GET PREPARED BEFORE THEY...



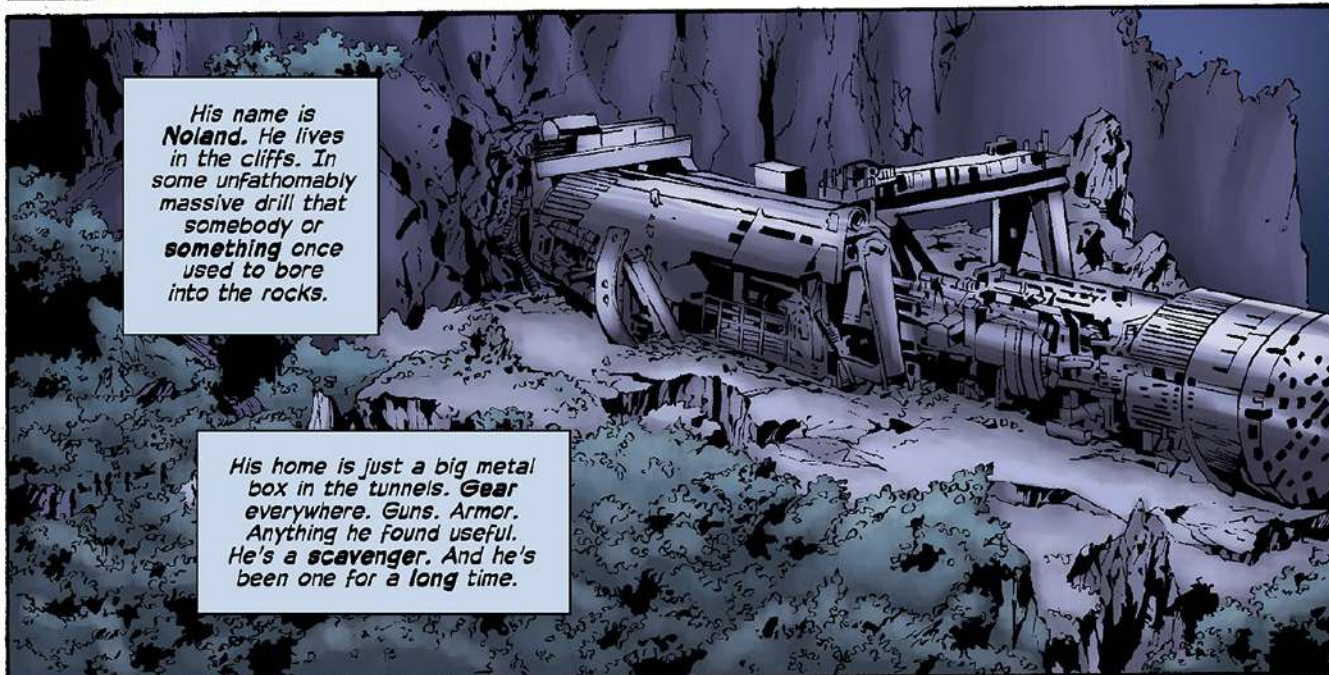








FOLLOW ME  
IF YOU'D LIKE  
TO **STAY** THAT  
WAY.



His name is **Noland**. He lives in the cliffs. In some unfathomably massive drill that somebody or **something** once used to bore into the rocks.

His home is just a big metal box in the tunnels. **Gear** everywhere. Guns. Armor. Anything he found useful. He's a **scavenger**. And he's been one for a long time.



HOW  
HAVE YOU  
SURVIVED?



BY SALVAGING WHAT I  
CAN, WHEN I CAN,  
FROM **WHATEVER**  
I CAN.

YEAH. KEEPS  
ME **INVISIBLE**.  
BLOCKS MY  
BODY HEAT.

YOU'VE  
GOT THEIR  
ARMOR.



SO YOU  
KILLED  
ONE.

NOT HARDLY. THE  
**OTHERS** GOT HIM  
FIRST. **TWO** BREEDS  
OF PREDATORS OUT  
THERE. LIKE **DOGS**  
AND **WOLVES**. **CLAN**  
AGAINST **CLAN**.





THEY FIGHT EACH OTHER. BUT THEY HUNT... OTHER THINGS. LIKE US.



EVERY YEAR THEY BRING IN FRESH MEAT. CREATURES YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE. HUNT 'EM. KILL 'EM.

AND IF ONE OF THE CREATURES KILLS ONE OF THE HUNTERS, THAT'S WHEN THEY GET REAL INTERESTED. NEXT TIME THEY COME BACK, THEY'VE LEARNED. ADAPTED.



CHANGED THEIR WEAPONS, TACTICS, ARMOR.

THEY ARE TRYING TO MAKE THEMSELVES INTO BETTER KILLERS.



IT'S WORKING.

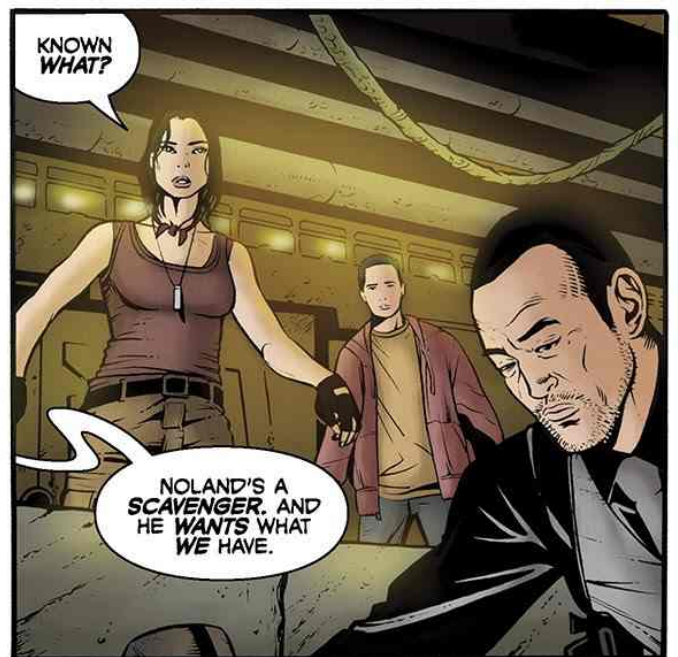


YOU SAID THEY COME BACK. HOW?

A SHIP. IT'S JUST NORTH OF THEIR CAMP.

NOW...IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'M TIRED. GOING TO BED. NO LOUD NOISES. THEY'RE OUT THERE. THEY'RE ALWAYS OUT THERE.











And after  
all the  
noise...we  
go silent.

Silent  
enough to  
hear the  
gas.

Silent enough  
to hear Noland,  
in the hall,  
cursing us.

Silent enough  
to hear Noland  
shooting at  
something.

Silent enough  
to hear Edwin  
praying.

And plasma  
weapons fire  
outside the  
door.

Silent  
enough to  
hear Noland  
start screaming.  
That doesn't  
last long. Gets  
cut off. Still  
echoes, though.  
He could have  
been our best  
ally, but we're  
getting each  
other killed.

Something slams  
into the door.  
Unbelievably strong.

The rivets pop.  
It happens two  
times, then three.

Then...even  
though we're all  
so silent...we  
don't hear  
anything.







The metal hallways turn to **stone**. We're lost, but going up seems to be the smartest course. It's inevitable we get separated. It's too dark. Too frantic.



Edwin gets lost and Nikolai goes back to find him, and I'm wondering about every glint of--

NIKOLAI!

AHHH!

**ZWONT**

Plasma round! The creature's still here. Still hunting.

Then...darkness again, but noises from everywhere and--



RUN! RUN! RUN!

IS NIKOLAI...?

THAT THING HAS HIM, BUT HE HAS CLAYMORES AND--

**KRAKA-BOOM**







We lost Nikolai... but...in the explosion, the creature had to have been--







DAMN.



WHO DO YOU  
THINK YOU'RE  
**DEALING**  
WITH?



オジジと  
とジジ  
オマケオマケ



MY NAME  
IS **STANS!** SAY  
MY NAME!



SAY MY  
**GODDAMN**  
NAME!

GO!  
**GO!!**

And  
we go.

I KILLED  
**FORTY-TWO**  
PEOPLE ACROSS  
**THREE STATES** AND  
**TWO** OF THEM  
WERE BIGGER  
THAN YOU!



We don't get far before we hear the shots. But we get far enough.



We have some distance now. Stans was a killer, but he gave his life for us. So I do say his name.



STANS.

I say it *quiet*, because the other hunters are coming for us.

HOW LONG UNTIL...?



NOT LONG ENOUGH. WE KILLED ONE OF THEM. THEY'RE GONNA BE COMING STRAIGHT AT US NOW.

He walks us through every possible trick to lose the hunters.

At first we stay on the bedrock.

STEP WHERE I STEP. DO WHAT I DO.

LET'S GET TO THAT SHIP.

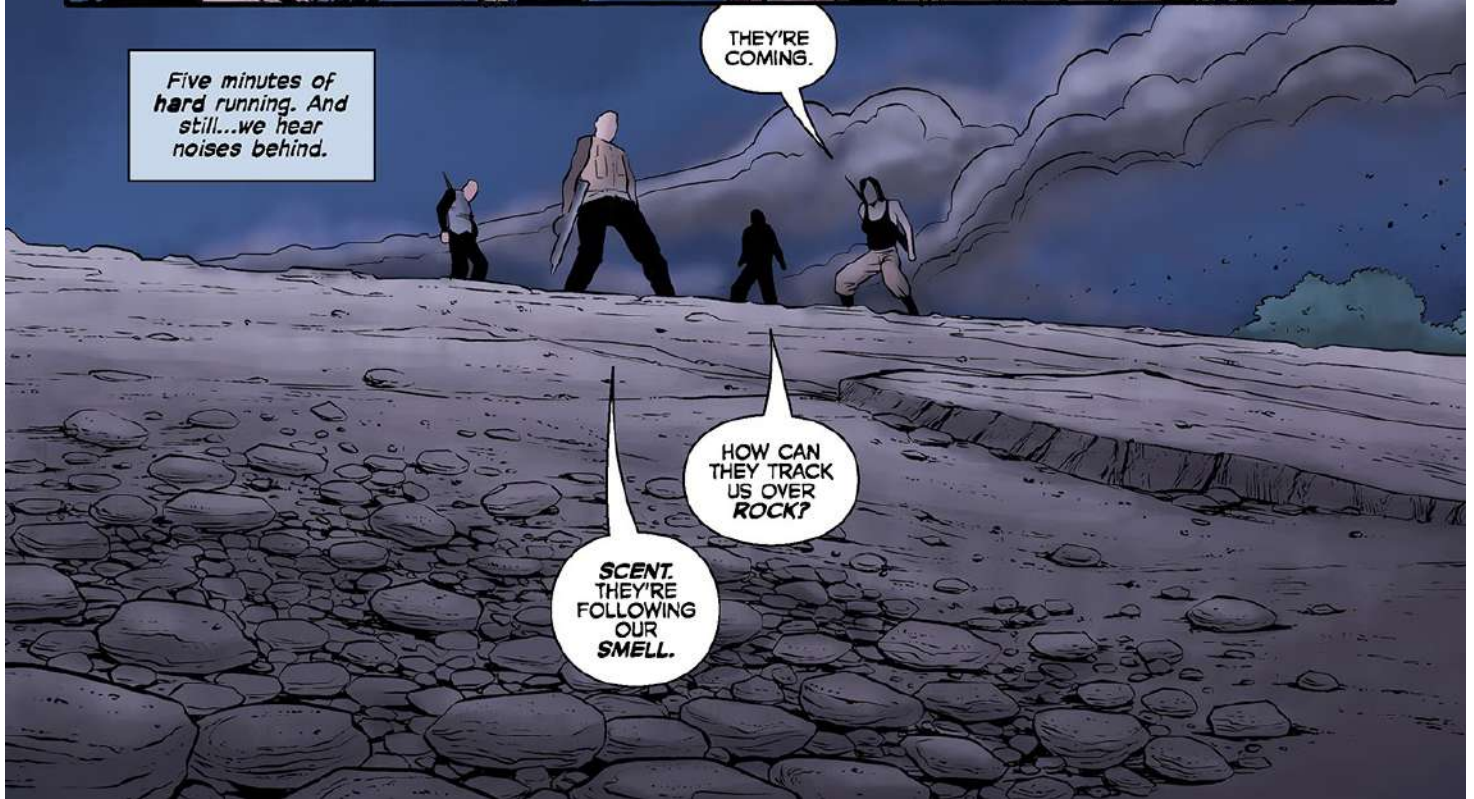


Five minutes of hard running. And still...we hear noises behind.

THEY'RE COMING.

HOW CAN THEY TRACK US OVER ROCK?

SCENT. THEY'RE FOLLOWING OUR SMELL.







And then it's a swamp to mask our scents and our heat signatures. We do everything we can, and the goddamn relentless bastards are still coming. We're speeding through a field of tall grass when Hanzo stops.

He nods at me. Keeps his feet planted.



And we move on without him.



Less than a minute and I hear metal on metal, blade on blade. Behind us. It doesn't last long.



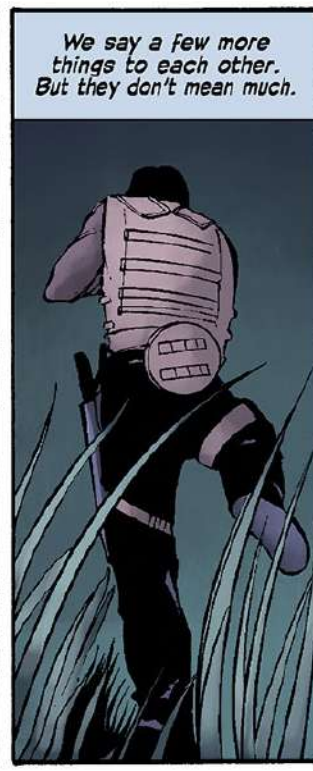
I hope Hanzo had a good death. And I hope he took the hunters down with him, but we can't count on that, and we keep running.



Trying for that ship.











YOU SHOULD HAVE GONE WITH HIM.

I KNOW.



We don't see the wire.

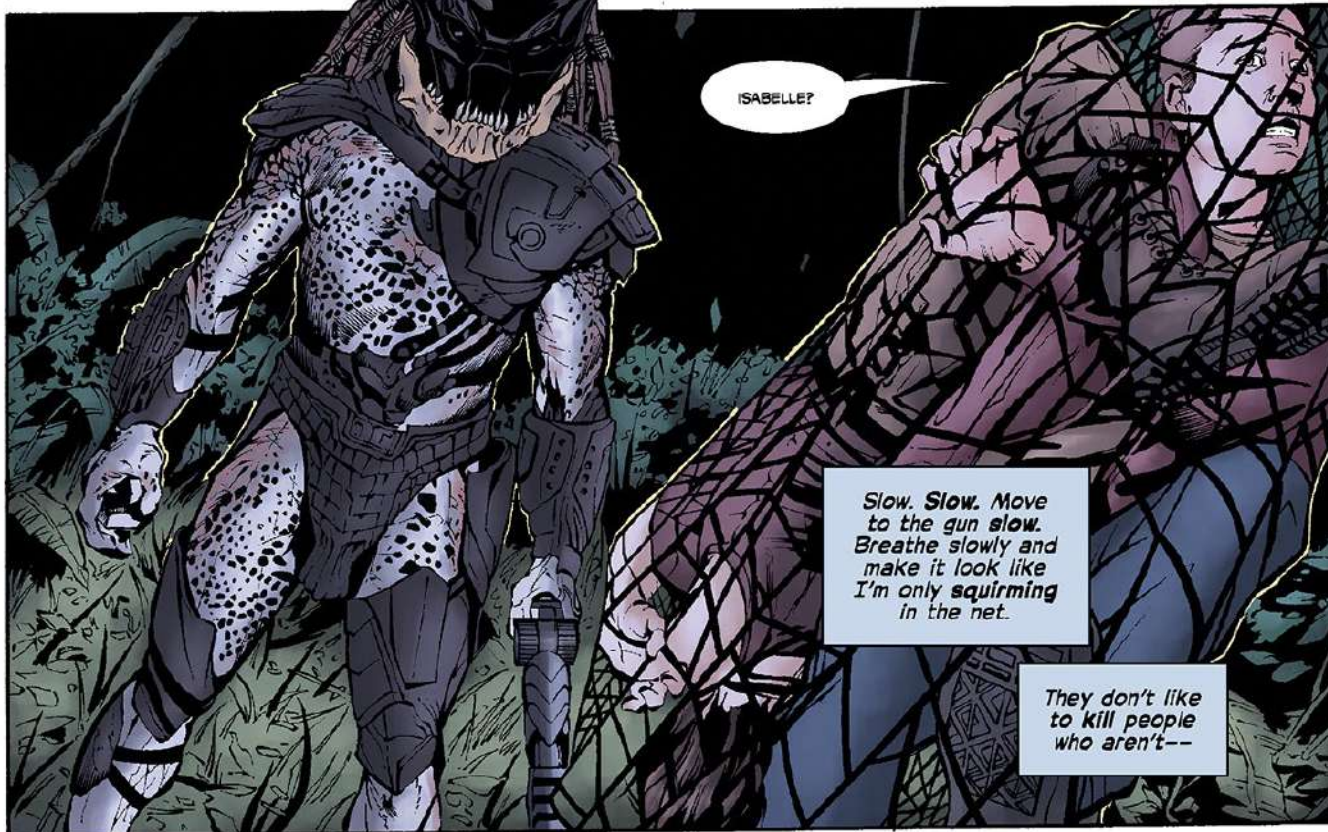
CLIKT



AHHH!



Oh no.



ISABELLE?

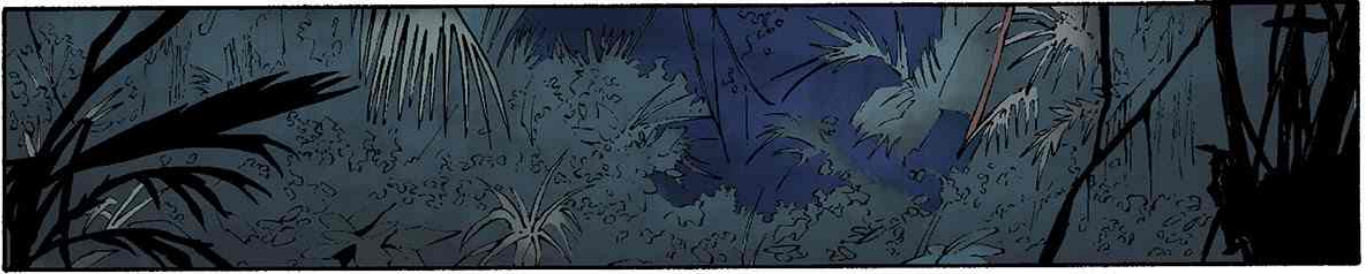
Slow. Slow. Move to the gun slow. Breathe slowly and make it look like I'm only squirming in the net.

They don't like to kill people who aren't--



THWAK





The camp?  
We're back in  
the camp?

Of course.  
The totem pole.  
We're... trophies.



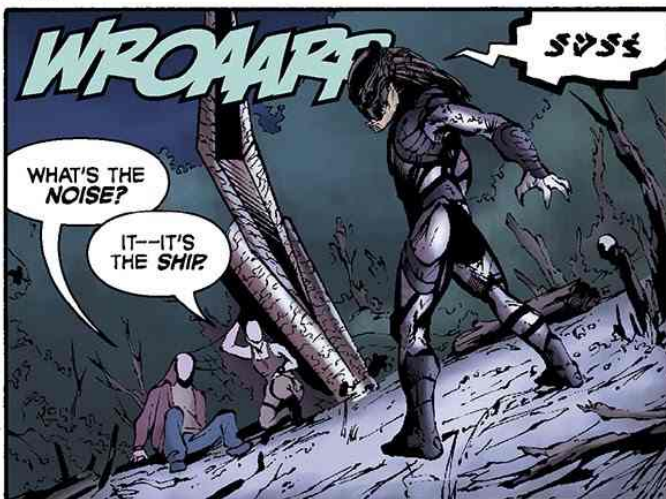
EDWIN.  
WAKE UP  
EDWIN!



ISABELLE?  
WHERE...?

IS THAT...  
MOMBASA?

YES, AND  
IT'S GOING TO  
BE US UNLESS  
WE CAN--



WHAT'S THE  
NOISE?

IT--IT'S  
THE SHIP!

SSSS



He made it...





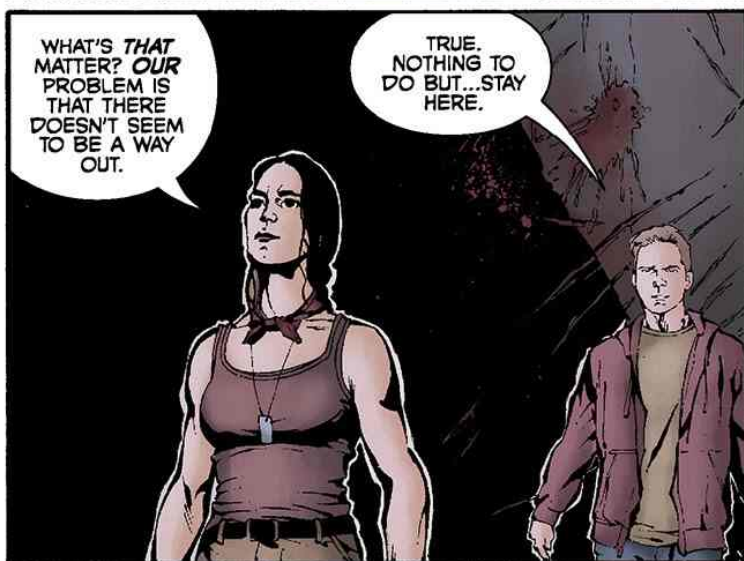
UNNNHH!



I HAVE TO SAY...  
I'M STARTING TO  
GET **PISSED OFF**  
ABOUT ALL  
THIS.

THIS **PIT**.  
LOOK AT ALL  
THESE **MARKS**.  
**CLAWS.**  
**FINGERS.**  
**BLOOD.**

WE'RE **NOT**  
THE FIRST THINGS  
THAT HAVE **BEEN**  
HERE.



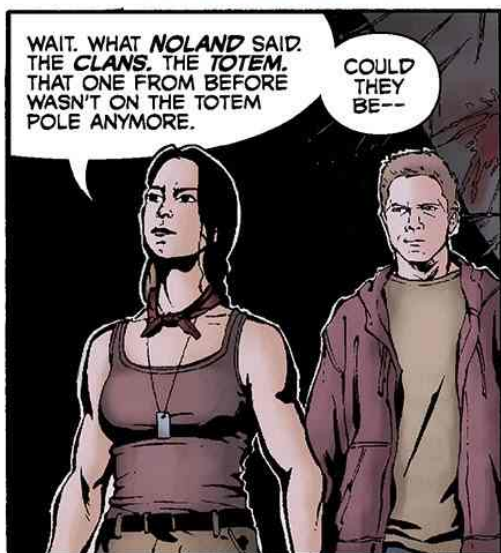
WHAT'S **THAT**  
MATTER? **OUR**  
PROBLEM IS  
THAT THERE  
DOESN'T SEEM  
TO BE A WAY  
OUT.

TRUE.  
NOTHING TO  
DO BUT...**STAY**  
HERE.



**LISTEN!** DO YOU **HEAR**  
THAT? SOUNDS LIKE...**A**  
**FIGHT? GROWLING?**  
**OUR HUNTER?**

WHO--  
WHAT'S IT  
**FIGHTING?**



WAIT. WHAT **NOLAND** SAID.  
THE **CLANS**. THE **TOTEM**.  
THAT ONE FROM BEFORE  
WASN'T ON THE **TOTEM**  
POLE ANYMORE.

COULD  
THEY  
BE--



**DAMN IT!** I CAN'T  
**HEAR** ANYTHING  
OVER THE SOUND  
OF THE **SHIP!**



The **ship**. He made it. He's **leaving**.





WHAT THE HELL?

SWFFT



WHAT ARE YOU...?

YEAH! THAT'S IT! FIGHT IT! THIS IS, LIKE, MY FAVORITE PART!



WHA...? WHY AM I SO... WEAK?

A NEUROTOXIN. SO MANY TO CHOOSE FROM AROUND HERE.



YOU LITTLE... YOU LITTLE... BITCH.

IT'S NOT FATAL. JUST PARALYZING.

YOU'LL BE ABLE TO EXPERIENCE... EVERYTHING.



NOW YOU KNOW WHY THE HUNTERS PICKED ME.

BECAUSE I HUNT, TOO.



A spaceship. An actual spaceship. My God. All of this is real.

I WAS RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU. WATCHING YOU.



BUT YOU COULDN'T SEE ME FOR WHAT I REALLY AM.

That means he's gone. He made it.





GUESS THOSE THINGS  
AREN'T THE **ONLY**  
**ONES** WHO CAN  
TURN **INVISIBLE**,  
huh?

Feel...fuzzy.  
Can't even  
turn my head  
to see...is  
that a **knife**?



A **scalpel**.  
Oh, **hell**.

BACK  
HOME, I'M A  
**MURDERER**.



A  
**FREAK**.

The  
neurotoxin...  
it's...



I can **feel**  
this. He's...  
cutting me?



BUT IN  
**THIS** PLACE,  
AMONG THE  
**MONSTERS**?



I'M  
**NORMAL**.



Bad call,  
Isabelle. Made  
the **wrong** damn  
call **again**.

I **LIKE**  
IT **HERE**.

I **WANT**  
TO **STAY**.



Chose the  
**wrong** man.





Now I know how Archuletta felt. Handcuffed and down to nothing but hope.

His last hope was me... somewhere out in the jungle.



My only hope just took off in the other direction.



HELLO HELLO  
HELLO! EDWIN  
TO ISABELLE.  
YOU THERE?

Oh, I'm  
here.



I don't care  
about my sins  
and whether I  
deserve this  
or not--



--I want to  
see you die.



I'M HOME,  
DARLING. GOT  
ANYTHING TO  
EAT?

















*This planet has taught me that you have to choose your moments of compassion.*



C'MON.

*Just like, as a sniper, I choose the best time to take the shot. And the hell if I'm going to sit this one out. Can...start to move.*

*Because...another thing about this planet.*



DON'T NEED MUCH MUSCLE TO PULL A TRIGGER.



*About this fight.*



*I wasn't put here for redemption.*



Not to prove myself or to  
pay a debt to Archuletta...



That debt  
can't be paid.

I was put on this  
planet to be hunted.  
Or at least...that's the  
hunter's perspective.

But my  
perspective?



I was  
put on  
this  
planet to  
survive.  
I can't  
do that if  
that thing  
stays  
alive, and  
I can't  
do it  
if I'm  
alone--



--so  
to hell with  
outracing the  
consequences  
of pulling the  
trigger.



Only the bullet  
has meaning.



And I'm thinking, right now--





--that I'm  
the bullet.

I shouldn't be the  
one who's running.



\*\*\*



If I wasn't drugged--  
that would have been  
right between your--



--BASTARD.

--goddamn  
cheating alien  
eyes, you  
miserable--













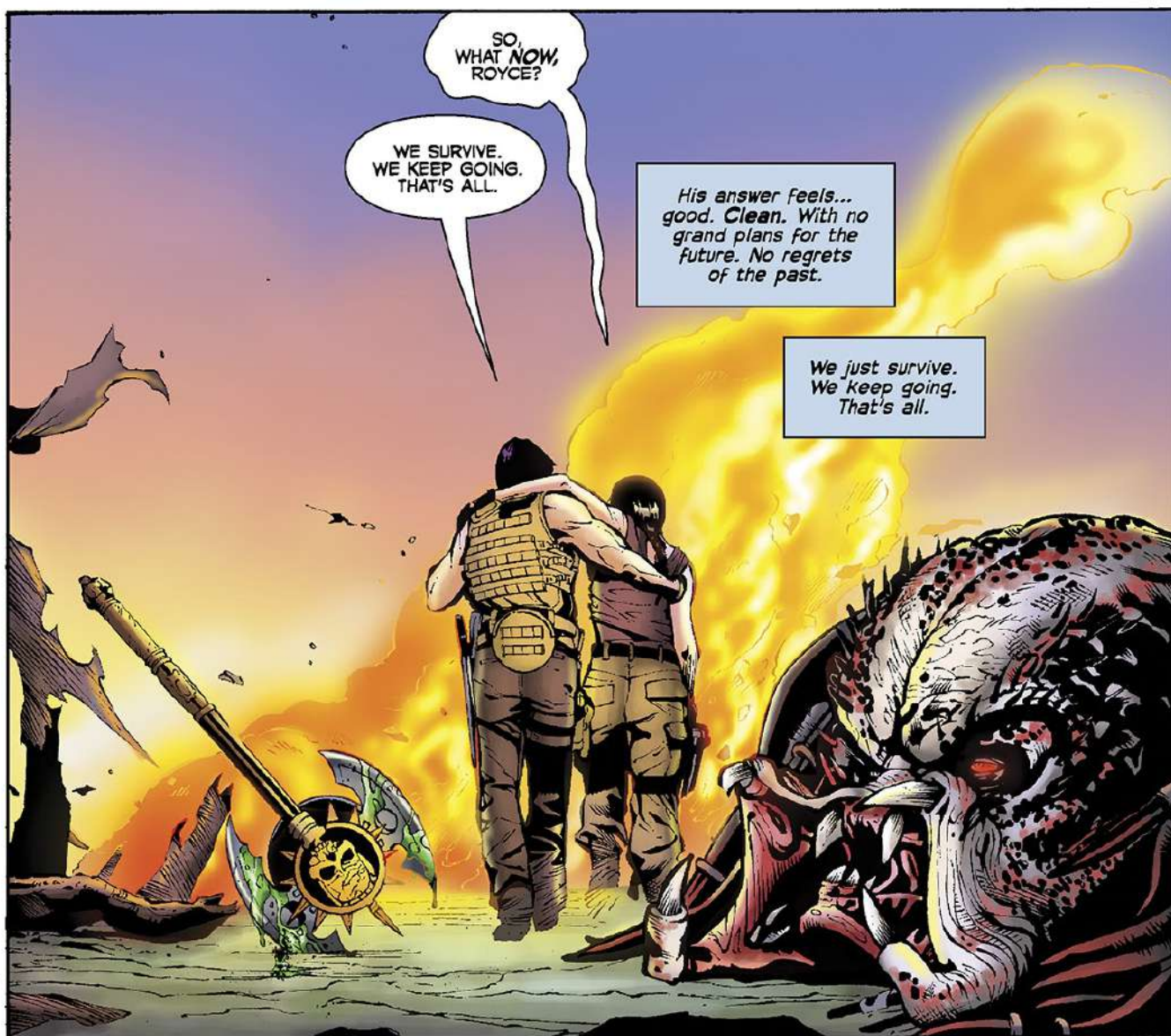
MY  
NAME IS  
ROYCE.

NICE  
TO MEET  
YOU.



I'M  
ISABELLE.

UNNFF



SO,  
WHAT NOW,  
ROYCE?

WE SURVIVE.  
WE KEEP GOING.  
THAT'S ALL.

*His answer feels...  
good. Clean. With no  
grand plans for the  
future. No regrets  
of the past.*

*We just survive.  
We keep going.  
That's all.*

Continued in the official comics sequel!

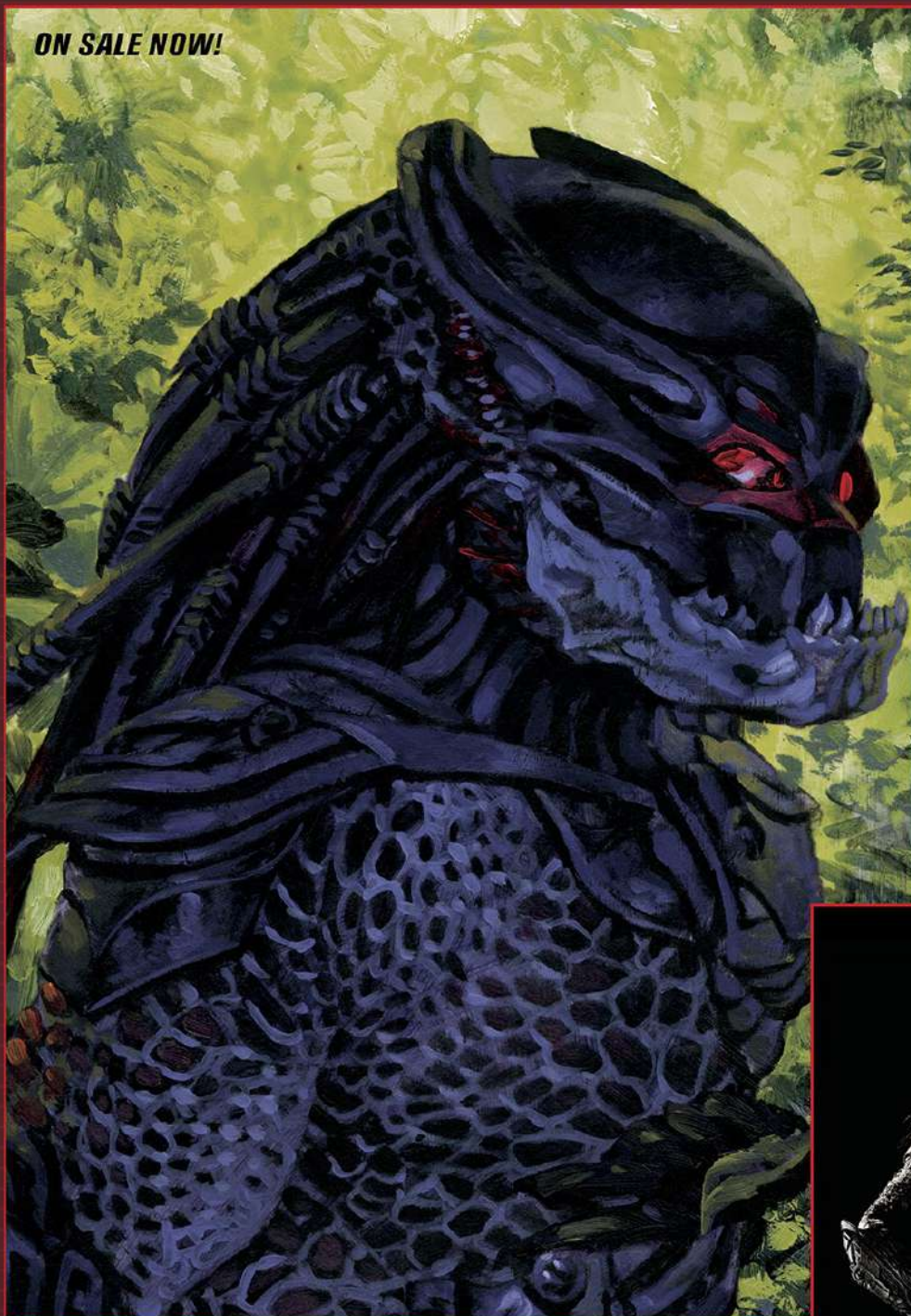


## ***THE HUNT CONTINUES***

Royce and Isabelle have survived, but on this deadly planet, hunting season is year round in **PREDATORS: THE OFFICIAL SEQUEL!** On sale now from Dark Horse Comics!

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JULY 2010



# HORSEPOWER!

## LOVE AND WONDER ARE TWO WORDS WE BELIEVE IN AT DARK HORSE MANGA

—you might say we believed in them long before it was fashionable. Back in 1994, there was this home-video commercial that expressed the image of “manga” in the early nineties, for it featured a mascot named “Manga Man.” Manga Man wasn’t, as you might assume, big eyed and tousle haired. He looked more like a *Judge Dredd* villain—bald, scarred, teeth clenched, one eye covered by a monocle with cross hairs—and he screamed “MAIN-GAH!!!”—shifting his vowels and striking terror.

So now you can understand that when, sixteen years ago, Dark Horse premiered what is to this day our longest-running series, Kosuke Fujishima’s *Oh My Goddess!*—with its saga of a nice-guy college student, and his beautiful and literally divine girlfriend—well, its content would have been shocking to some. I mean, there was no disembowelment. People were sipping tea, not coughing bile, and hunting for nice apartments instead of killer cyborgs.

This kind of paradigm shift, from blood and terror to love and wonder, can be seen at work in one of our most recent ongoing manga series, Osamu Takahashi’s *Neon Genesis Evangelion: The Shinji Ikari Raising Project*. As the original *Evangelion* anime of the nineties ended in a literal apocalypse, it is sometimes forgotten today that the series also featured romantic comedy and gag humor, and that the final episode imagined what its characters might be like if they had been allowed to live happier lives—exactly the scenario *The Shinji Ikari Raising Project* plays out.

*Clover*, *Chobits*, and *Cardcaptor Sakura* are recent and upcoming Dark Horse titles by CLAMP, a partnership between four manga creators—Satsuki Igarashi, Mokona, Tsubaki Nekoi, and Nanase Ohkawa. CLAMP have brought their sensibilities developed in *shojo* manga—with its emphasis on turning emotion into action—to an international crossover readership of men and women alike.

We see this in *Clover*, set in a lush, baroque world of retro technology, where CLAMP uses the personal life of a special-forces agent to examine what love means when one partner (but not the other) knows that they are facing death. CLAMP’s *Chobits*, about future love between people and the artificial humanoids called “persocoms,” departs from the abstract SF debate about the humanity of robots to suggest the relevant question would be not what both sides truly are, but

what they really feel about each other. *Cardcaptor Sakura*, a magical girl classic (and one might also say, a *shojo* take on how to do superheroes), is an action-packed saga that is also, in the words of *The Complete Manga Guide*, “about love in all its many forms: sibling love, childhood crushes, unrequited love, true love.”

Few Dark Horse creators express love and wonder together so sumptuously as Mi-Kyung Yun, in her ongoing *manhwa* series *Bride of the Water God*. Its heroine Soah’s struggle for love amidst the intrigues of the divine realm contains touches of modern humor and irony, but also references the classic romantic poetry of East Asia that contemplates the wonders of the earth and sky. In reading such scenes in *Bride*, you realize how much of the roots of fantasy are to be found in the fascinations of the real world, and that this wonder is open to anyone who will go halfway to meet it.

Love and wonder is that strange kind of adventure where the quest is for a midpoint, and the hope is finding someone who came there with the same desire. There are no guarantees; that is exactly what makes these Dark Horse stories—and this life—adventures, and not mere fairy tales.



—Carl Horn  
Editor



## YOU LOVE COMICS! WE LOVE COMICS, TOO!



**Mac Walters**, lead writer at BioWare, has been hooked on interactive stories since first using a Commodore PET as a wee lad. Despite coming late to comics—blame video games—Mac’s made up for lost time with the hit *Mass Effect* series, where he’s enjoyed the novelty of writing a single ending per story.



DH alum (13 years!) **Dan Jackson** recently branched out on his own as a freelance colorist. He’s a talented and very reliable guy, and we have to say, WE MISS HAVING YOU AT HQ, DAN! (Sorry for the yelling . . . had to make sure Dan could hear us over all that insane metal music.) Rocker salute!

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